I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K Edw. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your *Queene*,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene*.
La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call
you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother I being but a bacheler
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why *Clarence* to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes,
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, iest on brothers, I can tell you, his
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken,

Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K Edw. Awaie with him and send him to the Tower,
And let vs go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honorablie. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloster and speakes.

Glost. I, *Edward* will vse women honourablie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might suceeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henry*
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe,
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me most,

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